

The
Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.
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School Record

1927-28.

Alcester

Grammar School Record.

No. 30

JULY, 1928.

EDITOR—MR. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—B. WELLS, K. WILLIAMS, BAILEY, SISAM.

Headmaster's Letter.

DEAR READERS,

Another Summer Term is rapidly passing—unduly shortened, in my own case, by an enforced three weeks' absence at the beginning.

Sports Day—which fell somewhat earlier this year—came upon us almost before we were ready, and again we were favoured with a glorious day. The Jackals triumphed in the Sports, the Tomtits in Arts and Crafts, whilst Scriven secured the Cup and Barbara Wells the Trophy offered annually by Miss Deans. A programme of dances by the girls again formed a feature of the afternoon.

On the following day a happy troop of Scouts visited Dove Dale, under the guidance of Mr. Walker, and the rest of us tidied up the premises before breaking up for the half-term holiday.

Time has flown since then, and we are now on the edge of Examinations—in fact, the Drawing Examinations have already started, and we shall soon be in the thick of things that come before the close of our school year.

All will join with me in most heartily congratulating Meryl Thomas, Sidney Gothard, and Harry T. Lester on obtaining their degrees in Law, Engineering, and Science respectively, at Birmingham University. They came to this School when very young, two of them starting in Form i., and passed right through the School, finishing in the sixth form, so that their success is particularly gratifying, bringing, as it does, credit to the School where the foundations were laid.

I hope their example will inspire others now at School with ambition to do likewise. All may not be able to obtain university degrees, but most of those who come here to School should be able to gain their School Certificate.

This is the time of the year when a considerable number leave, either to start at once upon some career, or to enter upon a further period of study leading to the career they may have in view; which reminds me that I am continually struck by the fact that very few boys or girls seem to have given much thought to the all-important question of what career they would like to take up, even when within a comparatively short time of leaving School. A great many are apparently satisfied just to trust to luck. It is a lamentable fact that very many men and women are engaged daily upon work which does not really interest them, and which they would give up at once were it not for the sad fact that they are too old to start again, and a living must be earned. It should be possible, in large measure, to avoid this undesirable state of things, especially in the case of boys and girls of good education, who themselves take the trouble, during their last few years at School, to think about these things.

It is, at any rate, satisfactory and encouraging to find that the majority of our old boys and girls, who have gone right through the School course, have been able to find suitable and congenial work without undue difficulty. A sound education, combined with a high standard of manners and behaviour—the latter being no less important than the former—will carry a long way.

This year, as often in the past, the close of the Summer Term is accompanied by a feeling of very real regret that some, who have long taken an active part in our School life, and have been very helpful in many ways, will not be returning when we gather again. I can but hope that others will come forward to take their places, and to wear as worthily the mantle of responsibility and service which they now lay down.

Greetings to all, both present and past scholars, near and far, from

YOUR HEADMASTER.

The School Register.

Valete.

Bunn, A. M. (VB), 1920-28.
Lamb, W. M. (VB), 1922-28.

Sutton, C. P. (IVA), 1924-28.

Salvete.

Colegate, G. T. (IIIs).
Collier, L. M. (Is).
Gostling, R. H. (II).
Ison, D. M. (Is).

Pellow, R. R. (Is).
Stanley, R. E. (Is).
Steele, A. (Is).

Old Scholars' Guild Netuz.

President—MRS. S. F. SMALLWOOD.

Secretary—E. BOWEN.

Treasurer—R. SMITH

On Thursday, April 12th, the last of the season's dances was held in the Town Hall. There were about seventy present, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The music was provided by the Tally Ho! Band.

The Annual Old Scholars v. School tennis match took place on Monday, June 25th, the Old Scholars' team consisting of K. Bomford, C. Bunting, M. Baylis, S. Wright, D. Sisam, F. Rook. The evening was dull, but, in spite of occasional sharp showers, the match was played out, resulting in a victory for the Old Scholars by 42 games to 30.

After the match an impromptu dance was held in the hall. The attendance was small, doubtless owing to the uninviting evening.

The Summer Re-union will be held on Saturday, July 28th, at the School, and the usual programme of tennis, dancing, etc., will be arranged. Any Old Scholars who are not members of the Guild but who wish to join are cordially invited to come along on that afternoon.

The annual cricket match with the School will be played in Ragley Park on Monday, July 23rd, starting at 6.30 p.m.

We offer our hearty congratulations to Meryl Thomas, who has obtained her degree in Law, with second class honours.

And to Marjorie Sherwood, who has been awarded the Elizabeth Combes prize for "industry, ability, and progress," open to students of second-year standing, in History and English, at Somerville College, Oxford.

And to Sidney Gothard, who has obtained his degree in Engineering;

And to Harry Lester, who has obtained his B.Sc. degree, with second class honours;

Also to Brenda Jones, who has gained the "Diploma for Dressmaking and Designing with Tailoring," awarded by the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences, Ltd.

Marriages.

On April 9th. at Alcester, Arthur Cyril Tomlin (scholar 1913-15) to Nellie Wheeler.

On May 5th, in London, George Herbert Frederick Thomas (scholar 1912-17) to (Mrs.) Edith Taylor.

Pharisees and Wives.

I have learned by experience that there are many more fruitful occupations than a study of the modern girl. It is disagreeable, futile, and superfluous, and, what is more, it makes one dream. As a distinguished artist, I feel I ought not to compromise my reputation by indulging in abstruse controversies of sex inferiority, or lower the dignity of this publication by introducing the banal phraseology necessary in the description of commonplace phenomena; yet I am so overwhelmed by the enormity of feminine presumption, and the spirit of the evangelist is so hot within me, that I may not rest until all Europe rings with the battle cry—"femina appoggiatura est." Let me do it with dignity in order to avoid a cat fight.

Women have, from earliest times, been regarded as most useful commodities, and, in consequence, for longer than one can remember, they have been stolen, bought, and enticed from the warm security of the ancestral hearth by the guile and violence of wicked men. Nor is that all. Despite a certain general sort of low cunning, developed in them by the mistaken harshness of their early masters, they have been constantly relegated to a position of proper subjection—a position with which, until recent years, they have been well content. The vulgarising tendencies of modern democracy, and the softening influence of luxurious civilisation, have rendered nature's law and the apostolic precept equally invalid, and the respective positions of male and female in the human species fast tend to be reversed.

Despite the apparent indications of matrimonial customs, woman has always been fashioned more in the mould of Diana than of Venus. She is born with an extraordinary faculty for self-advertisement which largely, up to the present, has served her in the stead of a brain, and has given her a consciousness of imaginary subtlety which finds its outlet in the arch look and studiously averted gaze. Endowed by nature with a certain physical charm, she has added two or three principles of crude strategy for the hallucination and ensnaring of the more direct mind of man,

and she has so tradedⁿ upon her physical disabilities and hedged herself round with such a net work of ephemeral wisdom and chimerical sanctity, that her victims have fondly imagined themselves to be her conquerors, and have gone down to the grave in the precarious and uncertain bliss of a perpetual illusion. Women are born hunters, and, like many other animals, they invariably hunt in pairs.

In these respects the modern woman is no better and no worse than her predecessors. Her defects are those of her sex intensified by the peculiar vices of this present age, and her virtues the virtues of the human being within her, revealed in the elevating and formative experience of her companionship with man. Though the severity of competition has made her an expert in the art of dissimulation, and though she has disguised herself so thoroughly in order to deceive others that she has ended in deceiving herself, there is nothing enigmatic or subtle about her, and as her activities are confined to the counteraction of those physical and mental disabilities which nature has imposed upon her, she has no immediate prospect of any considerable further development. The present extravagances into which she has been led by the rapid and easy acquisition of unwonted freedom are the outcome of the reaction of a lack of restraint on a type of mind childlike both in its susceptibility and in its inexperience. If woman is to revert to the more dignified and less active status of former generations, she has a past but no future; if she is to continue in the way in which the feet of the present generation are set, she has a future and no past. Ponderous and ineffective in her numerical majority, troublesome in her loquacity and her presumption, exasperating in the bombastic inanity of her shallow erudition, and persistent in the reiteration of the possibilities and excellences of her sex, she is one of the great problems of the universe, and the future of man depends entirely on how he will dispose of her.

Moral: There are more ways of killing a cat than by drowning it.

A. O. R.

Notes and News.

Mr. Wells was unfortunately kept away, through illness, during the early part of the term. We were pleased that he made a speedy recovery, and was in School again before half-term.

The mile races took place on the Birmingham Road on Friday, May 4th.

The Annual Speech Day gathering took place in the Picture House on Thursday, March 22nd. The certificates gained in the Oxford Examinations were presented to the successful candidates by Canon Eagles. An interesting and highly instructive address was given by Miss Stuart Millar. Afterwards, tea was provided in the School Hall for parents and friends.

The cross-country races were run on Friday, April 27th, in lovely weather, over the usual courses. The senior race was won by Bailey.

On Monday, April 2nd, members of Forms IIIA, IIIB, and II gave an entertainment in the hall to the rest of the School.

Later, the same afternoon, a hockey match was played between the school eleven and a staff team, the School winning by two goals to nil.

At the breaking-up assembly last term the football (given by Mr. Bunting) and the hockey stick (given by Mrs. Wells) were presented. The football was awarded to Summers, and the hockey stick to A. Lloyd.

A party from Forms VI, VA, and VB visited Stratford-on-Avon on Wednesday, May 2nd, to see the presentation of "Julius Cæsar." The cyclists of the party had, this year, a ride quite unmarred by mishaps.

Once again fine weather favoured Sports Day, which was held on Thursday, May 24th.

The weather was also particularly kind to the Scouts on the following day, when they travelled by road to Dove Dale.

Half-term was arranged for quite early in the term to coincide with the Whitsuntide week-end.

A Rummage Sale, organised by Miss Deans, was held on the girls' playground on Friday, July 6th. A sum of £6 15s. was cleared.

The date arranged for the close of the present term has been changed from Tuesday, July 31st, to Friday, July 27th.

Members of Form IVB have been busy for the last two terms collecting "silver paper." One consignment has already been sent to Stratford Hospital.

On Thursday, June 14th, a lecture was given in the School Hall by Captain Hillier on the aims and work of the R.S.P.C.A. A collection, taken later among the scholars, realised £3 1s.

By kind permission of Messrs. Ison, economics students paid visits to the Eclipse Cabinet Works on June 15th and 18th.

The Oxford Examinations were held at the School between the 10th and the 21st of this month.

The drawing examinations took place on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, July 3rd, 4th, and 5th.

The Games Subscription this term amounted to only £6 11s. This sum, which works out at less than one shilling per scholar, we regard as most unsatisfactory. It is totally inadequate to meet the expense of material for the games. Boys and girls are always very keen to use the cricket bats and balls, tennis balls, footballs, hockey balls, etc. But many do not seem to realise that it is on their contributions we rely to provide these bats and balls.

We do feel most strongly that a number who contribute very little to the Games Fund could quite easily, by denying themselves an occasional visit to the pictures or a few packets of sweets, do much more to pay their fair share. And it is *not* fair to let the few bear the expense of what all take part in.

Form Vb have made the following weather observations:—

	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June
Highest Temperature	62°	67°	72°	77°	78°
Lowest Temperature...	28°	23°	30°	31°	32°
Average Temperature	43°	49.6°	58°	57°	57.1°
Average Pressure ...	30.0ins.	29.95ins.	29.7ins.	29.9ins.	29.95ins.
Rainfall ...	1.179ins.	2.364ins.	2.384ins.	.713ins.	2.738ins.
No. of Days' Rainfall...	13	18	17	8	18

A Trip to "The Tops."

Hills and mountains have always held a great attraction for me, and when I knew that I was coming to New Zealand I hoped that some day I might be able to make a mountain trip. I didn't think the chance would come so soon after my arrival. Early in March my husband had the opportunity of going up with a queer old man who has known the mountains for twenty years, and, in spite of remonstrance from various people, decided to take me—to my great joy.

The next Friday morning, at 4.30, I was clad in breeches and khaki shirt and heavily-nailed shoes, looking the part even if I did not feel it, for I was very sleepy. It was dark, with a few brilliant stars when we started on our ten-mile drive. The road winds between rugged hills, then follows the Motueka River, crosses it, and then follows the Baton for five miles. As we went along the stars gradually disappeared, and then suddenly it was daybreak.

We had breakfast, and then used the horse for a pack horse for the next mile and a half—a rugged, narrow path, but fairly flat. We saw numbers of "diggings" where the pioneers had mined for silver. Wonderful old fellows, the pioneers. They would work for months at a mine, and then find it was no good. If they struck lucky (a lot of silver and gold were found in the district) they would usually go down to Nelson and have a glorious razzle, and when it was all gone, back they would go and start all over again. There are several old prospectors still living in different parts of the Nelson mountains, quite sure that huge fortunes are still to be found.

After this the real track began; so we turned "Two Socks" loose and shouldered our packs to start on our ten-mile climb. The first quarter of a mile was perfectly ghastly—a terribly steep and rocky path up a ridge, with a decided drop on both sides. How I gasped and sighed, and my pack of three blankets and a mac became heavy as lead. Four times we had to stop to rest, and I wondered more and more how long it would be before I died. I was so tired! Up above us we could see the bush (woods and forests are all called bush), and at last we reached it. The shade was delightful, and already the air was much more clear and refreshing. A narrow track, between three and four feet wide, has been cut, as sheep are taken up every summer for grazing. Often it wound about so much that we could only see a few yards in front. The trees everywhere gave us very little idea of how high we were getting or how steep

the path really was. It was delightful when we rested—beautiful native trees and shrubs, and glimpses of the vivid blue sky and scudding white clouds. The birds are very tame, and came quite near to look at us. We heard lots of Tuis; they have a beautiful flute-like call, quite different from any other bird. We were lucky enough to hear several Mockers; they are shabby-looking little olive-brown birds, but have a wonderful song, and unfortunately have become scarce.

We had our lunch in a little clearing where there are the remains of a log hut. It was the "hotel" of a little crowd of prospectors. From then onwards the path was like a staircase. At first it was all rocks—up, up, up, over ledges of rock. Then it altered, and the "steps" were formed of roots of trees, gnarled and knotted. Twice we descended slightly, as the path followed what is known as the Camel's hump. In the early afternoon we saw two paroquets, both green, with yellow heads. The moss and ferns were beautiful, and we saw quite a lot of Nile and Cabbage trees. Gradually the vegetation altered, became more stunted and rugged, and all the trees were covered with a queer, thick, silvery-green moss, which showed that we had reached the snow area. At last we came to a clearing, and could see Mount Arthur a little to our north, and all the other peaks and ridges round. We crossed this clearing of a few hundred feet, and then climbed again for about half-an-hour, getting slower and slower. About four o'clock we sighted the hut, and had reached our destination. It had taken us eight hours, whereas the men usually take between four and five hours; but I was quite proud of doing it in that time—three blankets weigh exactly half a hundredweight after eight hours!

There we were, six thousand feet up, and had climbed about five thousand five hundred feet in ten miles. The hut was very primitive—corrugated iron, with manuka branches on the floor; it is about six feet by ten feet, and four feet high. A thick, driving mist came on almost as soon as we got there, and soon it started to rain. We lit a roaring log fire outside the opening of the hut, and soon settled down to sleep. How queer it was to lie down in all our clothes, even our hats! In spite of the shrieking of the wind and the noise of the rain on the roof we slept remarkably well. The rain stopped about seven o'clock next morning, and as soon as we had had breakfast we went out to look round. It was wonderful—range upon range of mountains, some bare and rugged and some covered with bush. Away to the east we

could see Tasman Bay, and pick out where Nelson lay, with Rabbit Island easily discernible outside the harbour, although it was about fifty miles away.

The mountains abound with deer—so much so that, like many things that have been introduced into New Zealand, they have become a pest. I was very anxious to see some, and my husband to do his first stalking; so we started off for a day's climbing and tramping. The ridge that the hut was on was like a huge rock garden, rough, rugged pieces of rock, covered with masses of creeping things. Unfortunately, we were too late to see the flowers, but some of the plants had tiny beautiful berries—orange, white, rose, and scarlet. These rockeries cover acres of ground, and must be extremely beautiful when in full bloom. There were outcrops of quartz in many of the rocks, some white with grey and brown markings, some a dull red, and once I saw layer of beautiful azure blue colour. We saw several deer, and got three during the morning; the antlers of the first—a ten-pointer—we brought home in memory of our first mountain trip.

One spot was particularly beautiful. We were high up, with towering rocks behind us. To our left was a huge pile of rugged, broken rocks, looking just like a ruined castle. Down below us, in a long, narrow valley, was a lake. In places it was bordered with trees, and as we watched we saw five deer go into the water at the farther end. Although it was quite a mile away, we could easily see their shadows on the water and even distinguish the stag's antlers. We saw a second stag appear, only to be driven away by the first one; so he swam along the side of the lake, and disappeared into some trees. The does moved towards the centre of the lake, but the stag obviously scented danger, and at last they all left the water and entered the bush.

For a little while after this I had no time for beautiful scenes; we were climbing over perfectly fearful slippery rocks. The men seemed to think nothing of it, but I—I almost crept on hands and knees, and tried not to think what would happen if one rock got displaced. I don't suppose such a thing ever would happen, but the feeling that it might was not comforting! The air had been getting thicker, and suddenly a real mountain mist fell. The wind howled, the damp, driving mist soaked into our clothes, and there we had to sit because it was not safe to move. We pretended we didn't mind, but I know we were all thinking it would be rather awful if it stayed like that for hours, or perhaps days, which easily might have happened. Personally, I'll own I was wondering if our skeletons would ever be found!

After some time it cleared slightly, and we decided to move slowly forward, as we had a good idea where the camp was. Suddenly a wonderful thing happened. The mist cleared as if a curtain had been drawn aside, and we could see right away to the sea. It came down again almost at once, but as it was not so thick we decided to make for the camp, although it was only early afternoon. We saw two skylarks on our way back, the only birds we saw on the tops. The little tin hut was very much home, and a roaring fire and venison stake was most acceptable.

We were up at daybreak of Sunday morning, and saw a glorious sunrise—all misty greys, purple, and rosy blue. We started home immediately after breakfast, and made very good time. Contrary to the experience of real mountaineers, I found going down much easier; having no pack (the men, having very little food to carry, took my blankets) helped a lot, and knowing the track probably made a difference. We had our lunch where we had breakfasted the first morning, caught Two Socks, and started home. How tired I was I did not realise until then. I was very dirty as well, but very contented. Only three other women have even followed that track, and I am most certainly the first English girl. Of course, there is the real bridle path to Mount Arthur from the north. This is patronised by tourists, and has hotels and a proper path, so that riding is possible; but after our trip I certainly do not call that mountaineering. K. S.

Books.

Who has not read of pirates bold,
Of stolen treasure and bars of gold;
And sinister flag of deepest black,
Which leaves destruction in its track?

Who has not read of fairy folk
Who danced before the mortals woke;
Of giants and ogres, great and tall,
And gnomes and elves and brownies small?

Who has not read of hidden treasure,
Of gold and jewels beyond all measure;
Perhaps the spoils of a smuggler's plot,
Hidden in some forgotten spot?

Who has not of explorers read,
Who search the wilds where no men tread;
Who brave the wastes of ice and snow,
Where no plants or flowers grow? M. A. B.

Night Duty.

Every evening, at 10 o'clock, when most people have finished their home work and are safely tucked in bed, you will see a long line of policemen leaving the Police Station to commence their tour of "night duty." This particular tour of duty is considered by the public to be the chief disadvantage of the Police Force as a career. I will, therefore, give a brief account of my impression of night duty.

At night a constable has to be even more attentive and vigilant than during the day, because it is at this time that the lowest of the criminal classes leave their haunts and set forth to commit their crimes.

The police constable's first duty when arriving at his beat is to mark securely all premises where thieves are likely to attempt an entrance. The ingenious way in which these marks are placed and concealed on buildings often leads to the arrest of the burglar. He has also to see that all doors and windows are securely fastened, and they must be constantly examined to see that they have not been interfered with by evilly-disposed persons. He must attend to all homeless and destitute persons who may wander on to his beat, and he must carefully question all persons loitering about in a suspicious manner. In fact, duty at night is always varied and interesting, and demands constant alertness, and he must pay attention only to his work.

In winter time his duty is not at all welcomed. The dense fogs, deep snows, pouring rain, the dripping trees, and monotonous silence are rather gloomy companions; but he still continues on his way, always with a cheerful word for the few cold, belated wanderers whom he meets hurrying home. Duty at night in the summer is much more pleasant, and often proves, on account of the excessive heat of the day, the most enjoyable part of the twenty-four hours. He sees, at this time, lorries from the country lumbering their way through the quiet streets to the London markets, bringing with them a healthy whiff of the country; and, more often than not, a reminder of the place where the constable's childhood days were spent.

Always, in carrying out these varied duties at night, the police constable must be "all ears and eyes," and prompt to act when the occasion arises. The diligent police constable, therefore, looks forward to his month of night duty because he knows that at night he has a greater opportunity to exercise his powers of observation and to protect the lives and property of the general public.

A. E. P. (P.C. 846, P. Div.)

Sports Day, 1928.

This year Sports Day—and consequently the two days' holiday needed to recover from its effects—came very early in the school calendar. It was, as usual, eagerly looked forward to—perhaps as a respite from the dull and wet weather preceding it—and on the appointed day the world awoke to a cloudy morning, which, as usual on Sports Day, turned into a bright afternoon.

The races were run off with the usual punctuality, thanks to Mr. Hall, and, in spite of the rest which the harassed athletes demanded at the start of the senior "two-twenty," the last event was finished well before time. This year there were no races for the girls, but chariot and arch-and-tunnel ball races for the Juniors were substituted.

An interval for tea—of which both visitors and scholars made the best advantage—was followed by dancing on the front lawn by the girls, and at six o'clock the School assembled for the presentation of the cup, shields, and medals, kindly undertaken by Mrs. Russell Taylor. The sports honours were fairly equally divided, the cup going to Scriven, of the Tomtits, and the shield to the Jackals. Thus, with three cheers for Mrs. Russell Taylor and the staff, another exciting and fine Sports Day came to a close.

The following are results of the sports:—

OVER 14.

100 Yards.—1, Scriven; 2, Smith; 3, Summers; 4, Andrews.
 Half-Mile.—1, Bailey; 2, Scriven; 3, Masters; 4, Summers.
 Slow Bicycle Race.—1, Sisam; 2, Hodgkinson i.; 3, Masters; 4, Andrews.
 Obstacle Race.—1, Sisam; 2, Summers; 3, Andrews; 4, Smith i.
 220 Yards.—1, Scriven; 2, Summers; 3, Allen; 4, Andrews.
 Quarter-Mile.—1, Bailey; 2, Smith i.; 3, Summers; 4, Allen.
 Hurdle Race.—1, Scriven; 2, Sisam; 3, Andrews; 4, Summers.
 Consolation Race.—1, Sherwood; 2, Pinfield; 3, Wigley; 4, Hodgkinson.
 High Jump.—1, Andrews; 2, Sisam; 3, Scriven; 4, Bailey.

12-14.

100 Yards.—1, Plevin; 2, Hodgkinson ii.; 3, Sherwood iii.; 4, Chattaway.
 220 Yards.—1, Spencer i.; 2, Horton; 3, Wilshaw; 4, Chattaway.
 Crab Race.—1, Walters ii.; 2, Dales; 3, Horton; 4, Wilshaw.
 Half-Mile.—1, Sherwood iv.; 2, Walters ii.; 3, Wilshaw; 4, Corbett.
 Obstacle Race.—1, Plevin; 2, Lloyd; 3, Sherwood iii.; 4, Walters ii.
 High Jump.—1, Plevin; 2, Horton; 3, Sherwood iii.; 4, Walters ii.
 Slow Bicycle Race.—1, Savage ii.; 2, Wilshaw; 3, Spencer i.; 4, Lloyd.
 Consolation Race.—1, Horton; 2, Sherwood iii.; 3, Lloyd; 4, Walters ii.
 Hurdles.—1, Plevin; 2, Walters ii.; 3, Lloyd; 4, Sherwood iii.

UNDER 12.

Egg and Spoon Race.—1, Sumner; 2, Birtles; 3, Mason; 4, Pellow ii.
 100 Yards.—1, Baylis ii.; 2, Sumner; 3, Chambers; 4, Birtles.
 Obstacle Race.—1, Sumner; 2, Gostling; 3, Birtles; 4, Smith iii.
 Sack Race.—1, Hiller; 2, Antrobus; 3, Chambers; 4, Gostling.
 Three-Legged Race.—1, Sumner and Chambers; 2, Gostling and Mason; 3, Baylis ii. and Morton; 4, Antrobus and Hiller.

OTHER EVENTS.

SENIORS.

Throwing Cricket Ball.—1, Sisam; 2, Scriven; 3, Wigley i.; 4, Wigley ii.
 Cross-Country Race.—1, Bailey; 2, Summers; 3, Scriven; 4, Purser.
 Long Jump.—1, Scriven; 2, Andrews; 3, Sisam; 4, Bailey.
 The Mile (over 16).—1, Bailey; 2, Scriven; 3, Summers; 4, Andrews.
 The Mile (14-16).—1, Bourne; 2, Parker; 3, Purser; 4, Masters.

JUNIORS.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1, Hodgkinson ii.; 2, Walters ii.; 3, Horton; 4, White.
 Cross-Country.—1, Sherwood iv.; 2, Horton; 3, Sherwood iii.; 4, Savage ii.
 Long Jump.—1, Plevin; 2, White; 3, Chattaway; 4, Sherwood iv.
 Tug-of-War.—1, Brownies; 2, Jackals.
 Arch-and-Tunnel Ball.—1, Jackals.
 Relay Race.—1, Brownies.
 Total scores in competition for cup :—Jackals, 370 points; Brownies, 348 points; Tomtits, 337 points.

W. A. P.

Sports Day Indoors.

For those unfortunate beings occupied indoors Sports Day passed off in very much the usual manner. The morning was spent in racing to and fro from the dining room to the hall with arms full of cakes and dishes, and the afternoon in attempting to sell the somewhat motley display of exhibits to visitors who had inevitably set their hearts upon articles marked "not for sale."

There was this year a larger number of entries than there has been for some years past, and the work in most cases maintained a high standard of excellency. Dolls, dressed in historical costume, were once more a popular competition, and several beautiful and artistic specimens were entered; while some interesting historical models were also exhibited. There were, too, fine exhibits of photography, drawing, and needlework. Besides trying to show us their artistic talents, several of our members also put into their work a touch of originality, and this caused great interest—and, in some cases, amusement, too.

As usual, the boys' cookery arrested the curiosity of the majority of visitors, but the girls felt somewhat consoled by the fact that most of the purchases were made at their end of the room.

As last year, dances were performed during the late afternoon on the front tennis court. The programme included Sellenger's Round, Flowers of Edinburgh, Butterfly, Newcastle, St. Martin's, Confess, a Greek Study, and Tarantella.

Afterwards we assembled on the girls' playground, where Mrs. Russell Taylor kindly presented the cups, shields, and medals to those who merited them. The following were awarded medals for Arts and Crafts:—

SILVER MEDALS.

Seniors.—B. Wells (236), E. Wood (92), M. Shepard (81), B. Bomford (72), B. Hughes (72).

Juniors.—V. Wood (70).

BRONZE MEDALS.

Seniors.—A. Lloyd (65), M. Bomford (56), M. Thomas (53).

Juniors.—E. Greenhill (64), M. Clarke (63), B. Greenhill (56), E. Ison (52), V. Wright (50), R. Bunting (49).

(The figures in parenthesis denote the points obtained.)

The Arts' and Crafts' Shield was won by the Tomtits, who are to be heartily congratulated. They obtained 1,092 points (of which the boys made 222), the Jackals obtained 777 points (boys 67), and the Brownies 769 points (boys 156). Barbara Wells was for the second time the recipient of the trophy annually presented by Miss Deans.

M. S.

The Field.

The bright sunshine of a cloudless June morning had enticed me outside, and as I basked in its warmth an inevitable drowsiness crept over me, induced by the monotonous hum of the mower in the distance and the warm scent of the cut grass which lay in heaps near by. In a half-dream I gazed upon the smooth greenness of the newly-mown field. It almost glowed in the sunshine, save when the shadow of some fleeting cloud passed silently from end to end. No movement broke the serenity of its surface; only far away, beneath the wall, the long grass swayed gently in the wind. And as I gazed, this field seemed like a living presence beside me, the companion of many happy days which now my mind dreamily recalled.

It was but a little while since this was for me one hallowed ground reserved for the select and mighty beings who belonged to the School, since I dared only venture upon this boundless space of grass, as it then seemed to me, when my hand was clasped firmly by some trusted guide. Little did

I then think that my fear was soon to give place to affection, and that this field would be the background of many precious moments, never to be forgotten. There I first mastered the art of riding a bicycle, and shall never forget my pride at riding the whole length of the field without a tumble. Another vivid memory remains—my numerous attempts to walk along the sloping ridge of the wall which bounds the School premises, when to fall over the far side into an unknown land was a terrible dread, but to fall into the long grass of our field, though sometimes painful, always gave me a feeling of security.

But it was when serious games began that the field became a real companion to me. I well remember the first occasion that I proudly trod its well-known surface, stick in hand, thrilled by the whole appearance of the hockey pitch. Humiliations followed, for the game, apparently so simple, proved fraught with difficulties; but that day I left the field determined to do it justice some day—to race opponents over its whole length, and to see a ball from my own stick skimming its green surface. Many a time the field was the sole witness of my laborious practising in the early morning. Since then the field has shared with me great victories and great defeats, equally joyous; whether frozen hard and glistening in the sun, or converted into a veritable sea of mud beneath pouring rain, its presence always seemed to inspire courage and untiring energy.

But however cruelly in the winter season we have ravaged the surface of this field of ours, it has always contrived to recover in honour of the summer's greatest occasion, when its expanse of fresh green, surmounted by waving flags, harmonised well with the general excitement—a silent witness of the thrills of our proverbially fine Sports Day. Not in its daytime gaiety, but in the quiet evening, when only the wagon remained to show that it was still Sports Day—an incongruous object it seemed, too, standing alone in the empty playing field—then I found an understanding companion in the familiar field. It had been a great day for me, a young captain, whose high hopes had not been disappointed, and as I walked round and round in the silent evening, watching the fading sunset, the field seemed to share my joy as it glowed in the last rays of light, a trusted confidante to whom I could unfold my ambitious projects for Sports Days yet to come.

But greatest occasions are not of necessity the most memorable, and the happiest moments which the field sees

are of daily occurrence—odd minutes in the early morning, when an energetic game of rounders was indulged in before school, or when, in twos and threes, we strolled along the field, talking eagerly of our activities or just watching the gambols of others—everyone you passed a friend ready with a word or a smile. That, too, I believe, is when the field itself is most contented, with young figures exulting in the joy of living, passing up and down. One minute I saw the beauty of its surface, a stretch of unbroken greenness, the next, with the sound of the bell, a crowd of eager youngsters rushed out, breaking the silence with their shouts and the stillness with their lively games. But although now its own beauty was less apparent, I felt that its content was more complete; for the field knew that those whom it had taught to play the game in childhood would pass on to play the game in life, and as it smiled upon the children that June morning the field was silently playing its part in life, helping to make worthy the citizens of the world.

B. W. W.

Glla Podrida

Form IVA gives us the latest definition of a centurion. According to M. E., he is "a man who does century duty."

Teacher: How do you dry hydrogen?

Pupil (G. S.): With a duster.

From Form VB we have received the following:—

Adulanti cani=a grown-up dog.

Magna deum genetrix=the large mother of the gods.

In osculis atque in manibus filiorum animam efflavit=he breathed out his heart into the eyes and hands of his sons.

A VA scientist instructs us to "keep passing chlorine through water until a consecrated solution is formed."

Aequata machina caelo=a machine watered from heaven.

Does K. J. really enjoy parading the corridor with a tennis net?

Who is Amy Thist?

Sympathy—Returned with thanks.

The study of science is like the cultivation of a rose tree. First, there is a root—some little fact. With careful tending this grows and grows, and as it grows side-shoots begin to appear, and there are new interests for the gardener. These side-shoots push on, until at last, each bears many fine blossoms.

But, long before these flowers bloom, on the stem are thorns. Now it is apparent, from the fact that, in the last number of the *SCHOOL RECORD*, H. S. "publicly extended his sympathy to those who parted company with him and deserted the bright atmosphere of the classics," that he and his confrères found only the thorns, while those whom he termed deserters forgot past difficulties, and were ready to meet and overcome difficulties in the future if they could ultimately attain some end really worth while—something that would profit the world. Nor is it one year's blossoms after which we search. We want, by the grafting of the detail of one scientist on to the main principles of another, to discover some beautiful new rose which will, in turn, produce another, and so on "ad infinitum."

H. S. was careful to mention every thorn he had met, and said nothing of the future. Mishaps that he remembered, we forgot. If at times we do "tremble under the blow of that reverberating voice"—"paralysing," as it may be—we comfort ourselves, and even rejoice in the fact that perhaps, a few short years ago, the owner of that voice quaked as he heard some other stentorian voice recalling his straying thoughts from the playing fields, reprimanding him for the breaking of some trivial piece of apparatus, or even ordering punishment for inattention!

When, during hours of pleasure in the lab., our thoughts turn to H. S., how

"In the classroom cool he sits,
... Grinding, grinding, grinding,"

we are sorry that he, with so energetic a nature, should spend his time in studying the darkness of the past, while we are hoping that, in the near future, we shall help to roll away the mists of morning, so that posterity—yes, even the descendants of H.S.—will feel that they owe to us gratitude for helping them to find that Golden Age wherein they will lead healthier and happier lives than their forefathers.

H. S. was mistaken when he believed that we would "gladly forsake our acids, our test tubes, and our 'whiffs'". Far be it from us, and as for changing places with him, the very thought is a nightmare. Since he is contented, we will let him go his own sweet way. He is a child of a Romantic Age: we are the Children of Progress. We, too, are contented; so we will return his sympathy with thanks. We, of course, regret to hear how grieved he is at the loss of our company, but if he would but send us a sample of the "tiny tear" shed on our behalf, we would gladly analyse it for him!

E. R. C. J.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the RECORD.

DEAR SIR.—Owing to the School's increasing demands for funds, I propose we should start a business which would enable us to pay off all School debts, to equip the School with every modern convenience, and to raise all School funds by 75 per cent. The business will need the entire support of all scholars (including girls), and I sincerely ask that each one will give his or her utmost energy to this delightful pastime or hobby and make it a huge success.

The object of the business is to make a huge Cat Ranch. We shall require 1,000,000 cats, which we can either beg, borrow, or steal from any part of England, and feed them on 1,000,000 rats or mice, a number which can be easily obtained in Alcester and district. 1,000,000 cats will have 1,000,000 skins, which would sell at 1s. 6d. each, yielding £75,000 per year, *i.e.*, £205 per day.

1,000,000 skins per year will be 6,848 per day. As there are 150 scholars, each scholar will have to skin 45 cats per day. This will be quite a simple matter; thus, seven are skinned before breakfast, seven during break, seven before dinner, seven after dinner, seven before tea, and (for a rest) five after tea and five before supper.

Now we must feed the rats, for food for the cats, on the carcasses of the cats from which the skins have been taken, giving each rat a quarter of a cat. Now, rats multiply four times as fast as cats; therefore, the menu for one cat per day would be four rats.

Then the cats will eat the rats, and the rats will eat the cats, and we shall have the skins. Thus the entire business is self-supporting, and no food expenses are incurred.

Finally, if £205 can be made per day, we can have £1 per day for our work, and generously hand the remainder over to the School for expenses.

In conclusion, therefore, I ask all to put their backs to this work and make it a truly profitable business, and under the name of "The Alcester Grammar School Get-Rich-Quick Cat Hobby & Co., Ltd" we ought to do some good business.

I am.,

Yours, etc.,

H. R. S.

P.S.—I'm leaving at the end of this term.

A Stew.

From the point of view of a disinterested and patriotic member of the 1st A.G.S. Troop, the cooking of a stew is a proceeding of widely felt effects and considerable importance. Let us briefly consider the widely diverse fields in which this influence is felt, and the marvellous results of twenty-odd Scouts attempting to cook ten stews.

First of all, we will take the field at the back of the School. Here, for the best part of a week before the sacrifice to the God of Proficiency Badges was to be offered, there was a minute if not very careful search for that indispensable—though sometimes incombustible—article of fuel known as firewood, which was to supplement the two matches allowed to each Scout to commence his culinary operations. By the end of the week there were on the moor—known by two sets of brown-stained goalposts, which stare sombrely at each other throughout the summer, as the "other field"—sundry and divers mysterious heaps, each in close companionship with a collection of bricks resembling, in some cases a kitchen range, in others an ample barricade for twenty men. Closer inspection revealed these pieces to be—we will not say firewood—combustibles, surmounted by elaborate precautions to keep off the rain. But, alas! The rain did come, in bucketsful, right on to the twenty Scouts and the ten stews.

About this time a series of polite advances were made to sceptical Old Scholars to borrow the ever-useful Billy can. Billy, however, said he was sorry, but he could not, as he had sold his umpteen years ago. But to return. So much in demand were half-pound portions of stewing beef that the surrounding butchers thought that the millenium of trade revival had come, and each took in more cows in the next week. Alas! there came a slump. They had the cows on their hands, and, unlike the Scotsman, they could not milk 'em and turn 'em off.

And while we are on the point of meat I would like to say a word of ratios. One does not use a formula like BP_2O_3 (which is not barium peroxide, but one pound of beef mixed with four potatoes and two onions) to make Irish stew; nor does one compound half-a-pound of meat with a pound of onions and as many potatoes as a small Billy-can will hold. Moreover, to bring a pinch of salt three miles and forget to put it in is rather absent-minded; however, the onions made the peeler weep.

With the progression of the stew, the increase of the rain, and the arrival of the judges, stew by stew was borne triumphantly to Form II hut. Here each one was tasted, and (as it happened) considered delicious (!) by the tribunal. At any rate, everyone passed. Then it was borne across to the Woodwork Room, where—but Mr. Editor says he hopes we all enjoyed it; but

PEA.

Cup Winners.

The following are the winners of the Sports Cup:—

1913	A. K. Brown.	1921	J. Jones.
1914	T. H. Gostling.	1922	F. Bunting.
1915	J. K. Sisam	1923	F. Bunting.
1916	W. Cowper.	1924	F. Bunting.
1917	W. Heard.	1925	A. E. Perkins.
1918	W. Heard.	1926	L. S. Barnett.
1919	W. Heard.	1927	A. J. Partridge.
1920	E. Bunting.	1928	S. C. Scriven.

Football Season, 1927-28.

The analysis of last season's matches is:—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.
22	10	8	4	82	83

Hockey Season, 1927-28.

The hockey matches last season resulted as follows:—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.
12	7	4	1	53	30

The Scouts' Outing.

On Friday, May 25th, the Sixth Annual Scout Outing took place. The time arranged for the departure was 7.45, and when, half-an-hour afterwards, he who is everywhere renowned for his punctuality arrived, the journey began. On all previous excursions we had turned westwards, but on this particular occasion, for a change, we went north, visiting the Vale of Dove, in Derbyshire.

Travelling rapidly through the keen morning air we soon reached Birmingham. Everyone seemed to agree that the ride through the city and its suburbs was monotonous, and all of us were glad to reach once more the open country. Our first halt was at Lichfield, where the cathedral was visited and the fruit stalls generously patronised. Passing on through Uttoxeter and Ashbourne we entered Dovedale, just below New Inns, at about mid-day. Then, for a distance of at least six miles, we slowly tramped by the riverside, some lingering to explore numerous caves, others to sample mineral waters. Towards the latter part of the afternoon we left the Isaac Walton Hotel on our right, and made for tea. Some still loitered, and after tea several individuals, some of whom, I believe, are intending to compete in the next London-to-Brighton walk, set out to retrace their steps by forced marching. One char-a-banc returned at once; the other went by a roundabout way to pick up the walkers at New Inns.

On the homeward journey the same route was followed, except that Uttoxeter was avoided. All seemed to agree that this trip to Dovedale has been the most enjoyable outing in the Scout record.

H. S.

Dramatic Society.

Only one meeting of the Society has been held this term. when Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" was read. This meeting was held on Friday, May 11th, and every member of the Society took part in the reading.

In connection with the Arts and Crafts Shield, each side produced a scene from Shakespeare. The Dramatic Society may well be encouraged by the keenness which was shown and the success with which each side arranged their own setting and interpreted the scenes.

It is hoped to have another meeting near the end of the term. The Society is still very flourishing, but the Committee cannot help feeling that the standard of reading leaves much to be desired, and would impress upon all members the importance of reading through their parts before the meetings

B. W. W. (Secretary).

Cricket.

CAPTAIN—Sisam.

SECRETARY—Partridge.

Although we did not begin to play off our fixtures until the end of May, we have now played six matches, three of which have been won, two lost, and one drawn. The bowling has been chiefly in the hands of Sisam and Summers, with Bourne as first change. Sisam and Summers are also top scorers, with totals of 96 and 87 respectively.

Results to date are:—

	For.	Agst.
May 26 v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), draw	54 and 73 for 9	98 and 23 for 6
„ 2 v. Stratford G.S. (away), won	52	28
„ 9 v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost	15	32
„ 16 v. Temple Grafton (home), won	109	58
„ 23 v. King's Norton S.S. (away), lost	36	72
„ 30 v. Temple Grafton (away), won	70	66

The School has been represented this season by the following players:—Sisam, Summers, Brewer, Bailey, Bourne, Parker, Wigley i., Wigley ii., Andrews, Hodgkinson i., Masters, Duxbury, Plevin, Sherwood i.

W. A. P.

Tennis.

In spite of rather uncertain weather, tennis has made considerable progress this term, and the first few rounds of the Gold Medal challenges have been completed. One tennis match has been played against the Old Scholars. B. Wells and Sisam, B. Bomford and Scriven, O. Lane and Brewer represented the School. The Old Scholars were victorious by 42 games to 30.

We are hoping to have a form match before the end of the term, when VA are to play the combined forces of VI and VB. The girls' tennis tournament is arranged for July 7th, and we are hoping that fine weather may add to our enjoyment of the great occasion.

B. W. W.

For The Juniors.

Pooh's Latest Adventure.

(With apologies to A. A. Milne and Edward Pooh.)

One day Pooh was out for a walk when he came upon a mushroom. Ha! "said Pooh, " what a lovely stool? " He sat down, and the stool began to wobble, and then it fell over. " Oh, dear," said Pooh, " what is happening? I think I'll go and see Piglet."

It was in the spring time, and as Pooh went walking along the blossoms were falling. "Oh, dearie, dearie dear," said Pooh, "now it's snowing."

At last he reached Piglet's house, and he knocked at the door. "Come in," shouted Piglet; and Pooh walked in. "Piglet," said Pooh, "I've an idea; let's discover Australia. I'll write to Christopher Robin and Rabbit, and you write to Kanga and Owl." "All right," said Piglet; "good-bye, Pooh." Pooh walked off home, and got out his best note-paper.

"Dear kristuforobin," wrote Pooh, "we're orl goeing tu Dissecuver ostraliyare, And wee wontid utu cum, to. brig ay rop hand a zspad with u. wih luv From poh."

Then Pooh addressed an envelope to Christopher Robin.

kris robe Esquires
logeg hos
Ludnon

Then he wrote to Owl, and this is what he wrote:

"dear Wol. Wear al giong tu discuvver usostrayliore and youre tu wbing a wrope and spead. lov frum Poh."

This is how Pooh addressed Owl's letter:

Wlo sgire
unded acre wouldew
lunnod

Next day they all met at the sunny-spot with spades and ropes. "Now," said Pooh, "all begin to dig." They dug a small hole, and Pooh said, "Let me go down and see if I can find Australia." So Pooh went down, but he soon came up again. "Oh dear," he cried, "there are some little brown things that sting me down here." "Ha, ha," laughed Christopher Robin. "They are only ants."

But Pooh never went discovering Australia again.

DIANA HUNT (AGE 8).

The Wolf and the Lion.

Once upon a time there lived a wolf who was very greedy. He would eat rabbits, birds and foxes.

One day, when this greedy wolf was hunting, he met a lion, who said to him: "Would you like to come out hunting with me to-morrow morning?"

So next morning the wolf went out into the forest to find the lion. When the lion saw the wolf he did not notice that it was the one he had talked to yesterday. So he killed him, and ate him for breakfast.

MORRIS LANE (AGE 6).